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52



JUNE

Valley of the Pines, Montague, Michigan, U. S. A.

1933

## COMING

Out of the Dark of Knowledge

When Patience is a Crime

The Language of History

Tomorrow's Alchemy

The Art of Ambiguity

The Desire to Desire

Heredity versus Environments

## GIVE IT A THOUGHT



If a new thought appears to you  
spontaneously,

Analyze its source, quality or  
quantity.

It may be the continuation of an  
unfinished inspiration

That may make a genius of you,  
Or a new masterpiece just born;

For anything that has personality  
enough to make itself known,

Has a new world of its own.

## Adventures in Prevenience



Inspiration and Intuition are passengers only.

Don't mistake them for the ship's crew, or you will be  
in company with sailors, back from whence you came; instead  
of on toward your destiny intended.



There are three general types of "Prevenience." In one, definite personal effort is made to carry out things desired, and the results depend upon this effort and action plus forethought. At the other extreme there is the manifestation of "Hunches" and intuition, by means of which one is aware of things beyond individual control, and wherein the foresight of prevenience helps one to avoid, adapt one's self, or take advantage. In the middle is the Prevenience in which one cooperates with "Fate", as it were, interweaving one's logical thought and personal efforts with that which is difficult to explain. But let me illustrate:

We had a little log-cabin in the yard that was the playhouse of my boys when they were youngsters. One day, as I looked at it, it seemed to enlarge itself into a large, fine cabin. I found myself imagining how it

would look if we should make one. I was struck by the details of my mental picture and how clear they were. It was as if I were examining something already made, instead of possessing the freedom to design it. I saw the red roof, a cobble-stone fireplace, a sort of rustic, hickory furniture, a little old-fashioned organ. I even noticed that the floor was made of Canadian Pine, while the rest of the Cabin was built by logs chopped and hewn in our own woods. In the stones above the fireplace I noticed something different, and saw that some of the stones were not stones at all, but petrified wood. And above the mantel there was a bronze bas-relief of Abraham Lincoln. The windows I noticed were made of many small pieces of glass instead of large panes.

Then the "picture" ran away from me, as it were: began to move by itself, as the imagination sometimes

# The Whisper

VANCOURIER TO THE VOICE

An Independent, International Journallette  
of Prevenient Thought

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By  
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and  
WILLIAM ALVIS GUTHRIE, M. D.

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## POLICY

*Prevenient Education.*

*International and Inter-organiza-  
tional Understanding and Intellectual  
Cooperation.*

*Ethical, Educational, Non-political,  
Non-commercial, Non-sectarian Union  
of Science and Religion.*

*"Give Tomorrow a Voice Today."*

*"Prevent Rather than Cure."*

*"Let us shape Tomorrow's Genera-  
tion rather than patch up Yesterday's  
mistakes."*

TWO 3-cent stamps will bring readers of "The WHISPER" the special mid-summer Bulletin-letter from Joseph Sadony. When sending them it is a good opportunity to tell us what subjects most interest you.

does when one "day-dreams". I saw a bustling around of people, candles put on the mantel, and first thing I knew there was a wedding going on before the fireplace as if it were an altar. Well, I "shook the picture off", and went about my work, but ended by saying, "It would be a nice thing to build a cabin like that;— which we did, though it was quite a long time afterwards.

So far as possible, I followed the picture in my mind, and nothing remarkable occurred; but when the cabin itself was done all but the floor, windows and fireplace, I remembered the "Canadian Pine", and called up all the lumberyards at that time to find some, just for the sake of following the "specifications", but there was none to be found. The boys wanted to go ahead and rip up our own lumber for the floor, but I told them to wait a little, because there was something funny about it I hadn't figured out yet.

Then we were snowed in, and the boys thought they'd make the window-frames while they had to work indoors. That was a winter we couldn't get to town for some time. They didn't want to wait till they could get glass, so they rummaged around and found a trunk-full of old five-by-seven photograph plates, record pictures I had taken when making a special investigation of conditions among the Navajo Indians for Theodore Roosevelt. We washed the emulsion off in hot water, and made all the windows with these tiny lights of glass.

When it came to the cobblestone fireplace, I found petrified wood on hand that I had picked up myself in the Indian Reservations, so that was not astonishing; but later, as the mantel was being finished, when three bronze bas-reliefs of Abraham Lincoln were sent to me unexpectedly, from different directions by people who knew nothing of the matter, it began to seem strange. More so, when I went into a second-hand store without any thought of an organ, and saw one just like the one I had imagined, so I bought it. Neither is that so extraordinary, but when a friend who was in the furniture business surprised me with a set of furniture for the cabin, and it turned out to be rustic hickory, I refused to let the floor be put in. Everything

else was turning out just the way I had seen it, and I said, "The floor is going to be of Canadian Pine; and that's that. Furthermore, when it is done we are going to have a wedding in it." But I didn't know who.

So the Cabin remained unfinished for some time. Then one night when the wind was howling, and my family and I, with a few friends, were listening to the pound of the waves and looking out toward Lake Michigan, I shuddered when I imagined how terrible it would be to be out in such a wind. "Wouldn't it be funny" I said, just by way of painting a strange picture to convey the way I felt, "to see two men floating out in the Lake on a night like this, with great long beards trailing nearly to their feet." It was good I had several witnesses to this statement or it would be hard to believe. A day or two later, after the storm had subsided, we walked on the lake-shore. Here and there pine boards were washed up on the sand, and the government coast-guard gathered them up into piles. A ship of the so-called "Holy Rollers", "Sons of the House of David", had been wrecked with a cargo of Canadian White Pine. It was reported to me later that two of the bodies were found just as I had described without any intentions of "prophesying." Sons of the House of David all have extraordinarily long beards.

Well, we arranged to purchase some of the salvaged lumber, and so the floor of our cabin is made of "Canadian Pine." Furthermore, one of my friends, whose marriage I had predicted, was married before the fireplace, with candles on the mantel, as soon as the cabin was finished. Rev. E. H. Sutherland, formerly of Whitehall, officiated, and the bridegroom was Mr. R. C. Snow, architect of the Warm Friend Tavern, Holland, Michigan.

(To be continued)

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✕

A GREAT INTELLECT is but a monument  
Made of the ashes of experience,  
From which emanates memory  
of knowledge.

## AND WHAT AM I?

I am but a landmark to happy spiritual destinies.

I am but a milestone pointing the correct way to the individual cities of those who look to me to show them that way:

.....Only a mere post stuck in the ground, with a white board.

The greatest thing is the Hand that has written the directions on the signboard of my brain.

Is this any credit to the board, when there are so many?

Any credit to the post stuck in the ground? ---

Or to Him who has placed it there, And Who has surveyed the destinies of Mankind.

I believe that credit is due the tired wayfaring man who seeks his own path.....

My personality counts for little. It is but the cloak of the soul within. If it is good and pleasing, it is but the natural result of the good already acquired and implanted.

I cannot paint the petals of my heart-flowers any other colors than God or Nature has given them. And if one walks in my garden, he must expect to find

The flowers which are supposed to grow there.

## At The Fulcrum



### A PERSONAL EDITORIAL

Do you know why the simple man, or the happy farmer, is most contented, while the high-g geared speculator, the social climber, is not?

Is it not because the simple man and farmer enjoy and appreciate that just within easy reach, which is plenty, while the latter over-reaches that which is just beyond his territory, enjoying only conquest while those benefits under his very feet are trampled and turned over as green fertilizer for those to follow his profitless spoils of competition?

The farmer picks his berries on the roadside, clean and fresh. The

I DON'T care to enforce, nor do I expect, a man to live in the simplicity of my life. But I do suggest to try it, and see how well environments will adjust themselves, instead of struggling to adjust oneself to disagreeable environments.

rich man buys his unknown quality and pays for it by money which had to be acquired: perhaps not like the farmer's effort in picking them; but nevertheless, the rich man's berries were picked by the rich man; (somewhere, someway, just the same)—though not so fresh and clean.

A woman may avoid the birth of a child, thinking it more convenient to adopt one. But the mother who suffers the inconvenience of childbirth is more than compensated, for her child is her own pure-bred flesh and blood. She knows its origin, and can expect what may follow by her own desires, habits, strength and weakness, to build up offspring.

No one has as yet, under the great law, accepted anything of value without paying for it. Why not live closer to Nature's simplicity, feet planted solidly to uphold the burden on one's shoulders, which is only as safe as the ground you walk upon.

Today's profits may be Tomorrow's losses, with interest. Does it pay to realize a pet snake may possess poison fangs? So it behooves us to labor for what we receive, and we need have no misgivings as to the rightful owner coming into the scene and leaving us in debt—which happens every day. . . .

Man questions why he has been placed here to suffer. Do we suffer?—or only those who complain because they have neglected their duty under a known law.

You will admit that since you were young, the world has progressed, if only a little. Then there is a good reason for our existence. The children of men have been scattered all over the globe in ignorance, killing and destroying by weapons and disease and ignorance: but today we learn a center-point of concentration, a hub around an axle. Progress now tells us the correct time when we

—Give it a Thought—

Science has been trying to measure the Water of Life with a sieve.

**DOES YOUR RELIGION bring you joy and happiness?**

If not, which is at fault: you or your religion; what you believe, or how you believe in it?

Regardless of consequences, if your home is not peaceful,

It is high time to find out which is counterfeit:

Your belief, or the creed you adopt in fear instead of love.

wake up. Radio tells of the weather, or when in danger—a voice that now reaches around the earth. Men congregate together to enlighten the world unselfishly. Instead of the witch-doctor of the past, the modern press has its men to give out facts as they are.

And then our laws have loopholes. They have improved. They are becoming more humane and charitable. If all this be true, then why must men in their three score and ten expect to see it all come to perfection, as long as they know they are a second unit, or an hour of the twenty-four century day.

The greater the purpose, the greater the unit of it. So why create doubts for others, when you are not even convinced of your own doubt. If you have been created through self-consciousness, who created your consciousness? And if

you think you did, why not create ever-lasting life? And if you did not create it, then He who did surely did not create it to find that He made a mistake in His hope without a belief. And if so, that he made such a mistake, then you but lose that which was not yours. So where is your loss, or "death"?

But even so, to find that a mistake has been made is still progress toward an end for perfection. And no matter what you may think, your electric clock still gives you the correct time to gauge your movements with the entire world.

Compare this with even five hundred years ago, if you doubt the purpose of progress, the reason God placed you here. A jeweler made the clock to help him keep order. What about God and His "Clock of time"? Give it a thought!

What is inevitable is beautiful.

## SEEKING FOR GOD

Continued

The main reason why we should believe in a God is that it is the only solution that will evolve unto perfection. Man first conquers, then he questions ever after, unmindful that his past experiences make his comparison impossible to believe. But if one believes in a great power, a conception possible, it will bring to him more easily truth still unrecorded. For this belief quiets him to cool calculation as new records are made that fit better to his understanding of coming truths—allowing his very soul expression without the material primitiveness. Then he will through his analysis not only realize the why of the flavor of his food to excite his appetite in order to live, but will realize that it is the life within the food that is most important, to his own existence.

The life, the form, is the thing, not the pigments attracted into that shape as a coat and framework bor-

rowed to express a shape or symbol or personality,—just the state and colorful clay through which the river passed.

God reveals Himself by the works of Nature, by the harmony produced throughout. All that is beautiful to the eye of man is God. Do not flowers make sensitive the Soul's vision? Does not like attract like in Nature? There goes a man, ignorant, low and inferior in the estimation of his fellow-creatures. He kneels before a flower to inhale its fragrant spirit. He is more blessed than he who bows before a congregation. The spirit oozes out of the blossom of the little flower, imparting its life to this low, ignorant creature. Its message is harmony. It is God's image. The spirit of beauty attracts the beauty of a man's Soul. Though he be ever so evil, his goodness is manifest in his act.

It is only natural that one's con-

—Give It A Thought—

**THE FUNCTIONING of Intuition**  
is the fruit of a simple mode of life.

**GRATIFICATION, not necessity,**  
is the root of Opinion.

ception of God should be vague. Could we remember our conception of our father when we were two years of age, we would have a better conception of God than that in the mind of a highly educated man.

A primitive Indian of ages ago desired a fine skin. His admiration was a prayer. His prayer was answered, for his shot was true because of his admiration and desire: he brought down his prey, skinned it, and tanned the fine skin that he had desired. With the skin about his body he was not chilly. With the meat in his stomach he did not hunger. So he looked up in the sky. He beheld the sun, the moon, the stars; he felt the winds, erected a shelter against the elements, was inspired with awe and perhaps fear by bolts of lightning. His conception of God grew with his experience and the broadening of his mind. At last his mind was able to go everywhere, and so he said that God was everywhere. The "spirits" told him this and that, and he obeyed, and found it good. He had arrived at mental telepathy without knowing it.

The Sun draws the dew and moisture into a cloud imprisoned within the earth's atmosphere, so near to God. Then comes the cold breeze to condense and separate the cloud into rain-drops, sending each one on his individual mission: some to wash away filth from the face of the earth, giving vegetation an opportunity to exist, some to drop into the heart of a rose to spread its beauty; each drop a mission—like human beings, gathered within river banks of environments, carrying with them a message from whence the journey began, others to be drawn back into the clouds while their comrades carry their little loads to level the sink holes of the Oceans of History.

(To be Continued)

Night: The swish of the Water that we  
call Dreams.

Day: The grinding of wheels to crush  
Wheat for Daily Bread.

## Wheat and Dreams

A Garden for Singers of the  
Night and Day

AFTER ARMAGEDDON  
Edwards Davis

Think you, a weed  
Up from a waste by crass caprice might will  
To place upon its stalk a perfumed plume,  
Determining to scatter living seed,  
Athwart a distant field by grace of winds,  
From antheral, prodigious cups of joy,  
Without love's God?

### MUSK DUST

M. FATHULLA KAHN

God conquers Death.  
Love conquers God

One who complains of life knows  
not how to live.

The Angel of Truth can speak in any  
tongue.

How often do I utter her name  
Knowing not she is seated silently  
beside me!

He is the best soldier: he does not  
fight.

—Give It A Thought—

HOW OFTEN Nature wounds  
Just to heal  
Just to show its love.

WHAT Is that thrill in the waving  
of the hand  
Of a child and an old man?

J. A. S.

There lives more faith in honest  
doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the  
creeds.

--Tennyson

All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the  
tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.

--Bryant

I plucked your flower, O world!  
I pressed it to my heart and the  
thorn pricked.

When the day waned and it  
darkened, I found that the flower  
had faded, but the pain remained.

--Rabindranath Tagore

A MAN who sings is seldom vicious.

## Language, Logic and Life

This is my answer to those who  
have questioned me concerning my  
discoveries which are reputed to in-  
volve consequences as up-setting edu-  
cationally and philologically, as Ein-  
stein's "Relativity" in the domain of  
physical science:

Having always "seen" without be-  
ing taught how to "look"; and hav-  
ing discovered hitherto unrecognized  
laws of Thought by thinking un-  
hampered by the "what" and "how"  
of mere opinion, I have approached  
the Thought-world directly, in the  
interior of the human mechanism,  
rather than through the medium of  
"words." My knowledge consists of  
direct apprehension of pure "mean-  
ing" and an understanding of inter-  
ior laws and relationships, rather  
than of "terms." This method ap-  
proaches Language from the "in-  
side", as it were, requiring a search  
for words to express meanings, rat-  
her than a study of the meaning of

words. It is pure Thought, inde-  
pendent of words.

In this is the explanation and ori-  
gin of those discoveries which have  
resulted in a Science by means of  
which it is proposed to establish  
English as a World Tongue. This  
"Science of sciences" is merely the  
incorporation of the principles of  
Relativity and their consequences  
with biological and psychological dis-  
coveries I have made; but the result  
is not only astonishing: it completely  
upsets the supposed "bed-rock" foun-  
dation of Logic and Thought. In  
fact it demands a new Logic, a new  
Dictionary, new educational methods  
and a revision of text-books in prac-  
tically every field of human knowl-  
edge, for fundamental assumptions  
in all are untrue or only partially  
true, and may be proven so. Shall  
we deliberately continue in errors  
which defeat our progress, because  
of the temporary inconvenience in-

volved in adapting our habits and methods to the truth?

Considering our scientific progress as a nation, our educational and psychological negligence is a matter both for Action, and for shame.

The uncorrelated, falsely zoned presentation in our school curriculum of LANGUAGE, LOGIC and LIFE is a confession of ignorance and sheer mental inertia that is unworthy of a Nation of Thinking Men.

That Truth, Wisdom and Knowledge are not now identical is the fruit and proof of the world-cancer that is at work disabling the human mechanism, separating body, mind and soul; Language, Logic and Life; words, thoughts and things-in-themselves.

The physical blossom of this world-cancer is in deeds which embody "truth" and "knowledge" apart from Wisdom. Its mental blossom is a confusion of Tongues, as well as a dulling of mind which prevents either the expression or comprehension of either Wisdom or "The Whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth", thus separating what we presume to be "Knowledge" from Truth. This at last renders Truth unavailable, and Knowledge of no avail.

Worse than this: because of it: the human mechanism, instead of being "put together" tenderly, skillfully, by master-human-mechanics, is torn asunder by ignorant, however well-meaning hands. The delicate filaments are literally blasted for life by methods still in use, and conditions allowed to exist in civic and private educational institutions. Man seems intent upon the educational manufacture of graphaphones, capable of reproducing only those records, be they false or true, which are fixed forever as a burden in the individual memory. He destroys the radio with which Nature has so arduously equipped him thru evolution, that the "Memory" of all Nature might be his at Will, thus removing the burden from his own, and placing at his disposal not alone the past, but the entire future, by purely scientific means.

But the mind has been led away from the spirit and left in ignorance that frees the body to follow its own gravity away from the mind. And when Body, Spirit and Soul have

been prevented from amalgamating into the trijunctional phenomena which is the only justification for life, it is like taking the gasoline out of a car and disconnecting the batteries. None of the three, no matter what names are given them, are of any use apart from a trijunctional phenomena in which they may be consumed for a definite purpose.

When the "body, spirit and soul", whether it be of Language, Man-kind, or the chemicals of physical science, have failed to amalgamate according to formulas which release their virtues for constructive purposes, the same power becomes destructive, which is "evil." The fruit of the human vine has been prevented from maturing into the wine of Manhood and Womanhood, so it disintegrates, entering the secondary evolution of fermentation into vinegar, still half-alive, sour and un-

plucked, upon the stem.

In this is the world-cancer which is responsible for all wars, and for all existing human woes. There is no cure after it reaches the "Meridian of Malignance", save the knife of individual, national or civilizational destruction. There is no check to its contagion save by Prevention. There is no Prevention save by the Education of children into Universal Understanding. There is no Universal Understanding save by the simplification and correlation of all Knowledge, and the establishment of a World Tongue in which to express it. And no language can be established as a Universal Tongue unless it be adapted to the structure of the human mechanism; firmly rooted in scientifically verified laws of Thought; and anchored to the wedded Rocks of Scientific Truth and Spiritual Wisdom.

(To be Continued)

A LITTLE philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's mind about to religion. ---Bacon.

## The Human Radio

(From a series of articles which have been running in The Whitehall Forum, Whitehall, Michigan. The underlying theme of all these articles has been the susceptibility of the human mind as a "human radio.")



What is it all about?—birth, life, struggle, marriage, death? Let's trace it from the beginning. There is nothing past and gone. If anything ever was, it is today, and will be again, whether the prophets of old or phases of evolution which work themselves out daily before our ignorant, unseeing eyes. There is not the quiver of an eyelash that has not left its record in the quiver of our eyelash today. There is not a future blossom or fruit, mansion or thought that is not already in the palm of our hands, or a cell of some human brain. Yesterday and Tomorrow for all Eternity are ever within our grasp upon the moving pin-point of "Today."

Then what excuse is there for Ignorance?—when all is there for the simple taking? Books and schools,

and what we imagine to be "education" and "knowledge" do not remove the stain of Ignorance. I have conversed with a mighty scientist, a walking encyclopedia of history, whose massive brain of almost terrifying "intelligence" was totally ignorant of all that matters most in life and of those simple, fundamental truths which are known and lived even by the uneducated mountaineer who has never seen a street-car or an automobile, and who can neither read a word, nor sign his own name.

The full brain is the most ignorant of all, for to fill the brain is to defeat the purpose of its creation, which is not to be filled, like a sack, but to be tuned and tempered in the fires of experience as a delicate instrument, with the whole universe at its command after it has been

completed, and tuned in. The brain requires but one molecule of each chemical, but one delicate thread of its web attached to each milepost of life. Then it need not trust to an overloaded memory, but can tune in to the facts themselves.

Would it not be ridiculous to use the radio as a trunk in which to pack all your belongings when passing on to the next town? What would happen to the delicate filaments? Yet that is what has been done to the minds of children yesterday and today, who have been taught "What to think" rather than "How to think."

If a salesman put a dozen of one thing in the carefully designed sample case for his long journey into foreign lands, would not eleven things be missing, because of his foolish preference for one thing? Then suppose those eleven missing things are precisely what are needed in some distant country. He is a poor salesman because his judgment is unbalanced. He does not deliver a representative collection of the products of his firm. His mind may be full of a variety of inconsequential "knowledge," but he is a failure. He is "Ignorant," because he does not know the few things that is most necessary to know in the environments in which he finds himself.

So what is it all about—from birth to death? A planet forms out of the void. The great Creator plants seeds of "pattern-molecules" which produce a tangle of growths by the selective absorption of the minute "blueprint," the specifications in the seeds.

But how is that vast, wild Garden to be cultivated, weeded, sorted and classified, without laborers? The great Creative Intelligence Himself sets out to conquer chaos into Order, to make a Paradise out of a jungle. With His right hand He builds, and with His left hand He destroys until a delicate instrument has been evolved, which propagates itself, and which is susceptible to the broadcasting of His will, through "Instinct," and without power to disobey.

The "fall" of man was not a "sin," but an inevitable incubation to give birth to conscious individuality as a training and crystalizing

school for children of God to know themselves by reflection and to erect antennae of knowledge as instruments voluntarily offered back to the great Creator that by Intuition we may learn His will and cooperate in the completion of His purpose by offering the instrument of our own character and personality to the Human Orchestra upon which He may then play His melodies of Wis-

dom and Love, which dispel all fogs of mystery and melt the wall of houses divided against themselves.

What, then, is it all about? To fill the brain with all we can pack into it?—or to polish it, cleanse it, strengthen it, temper it in the fires of experience, sensitize it and tune it in by listening to the whispering of all Nature, which holds all the secrets that will be written in books.

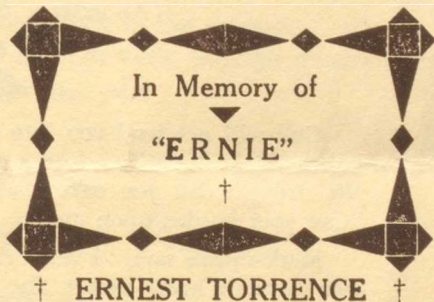
(To be Continued)

—Give It A Thought—

THIS LIFE is composed of nine months of physical darkness,  
Nine years of mental darkness,  
Ninety years of spiritual darkness ---  
Then the Light.....

XXXXXXXXXX

From Birth we journey to Death: Death is our reward to  
Life.....



It is a test of one's philosophy when close friends pass away. The death of Ernie Torrence saddened

many hearts. He was more than a well-loved screen actor. He was an artist and a musician. He was for thirty years a devoted husband to his wife, Elsie. His home possessed the stability characteristic of a man of pioneering calibre who is a good father to his son. He was kind and tolerant. He suffered in silence, which is the price of life and its happiness that all real men must pay whose physique hides that curious tenderness which betrays the touch of genius that underlies their vision and their faith. Ernie Torrence played the part of many characters in which he will be long remembered by thousands the world over; but for us in our little Valley of the Pines he will live always in three-fold memory: as Parson Jones in "The Pony Express", because there on the Wyoming plains by daily association "on location" we first found each other and learned to love him; as Peter in "The King of Kings", because therein, unseen, he shed the tears that wove a garment for his soul; and as himself, because the years served to ripen our friendship to the degree that even death cannot sever, for it but multiplies the evidence that it is impossible for one who is loved to "die".

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
He who lives a righteous and moral life

Cannot suffer without a recompense  
For he obeys the law of nature  
Which sustains his hope of the truth of immortality.

Even Nature is proud to lend him all she has

To help him climb toward the Sun,  
Her God here on earth, the footstool of his God.

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## The Scientific "Hunch"



(Continued)

As long as possible I have postponed getting into all the details of my personal experiences with Hunches and prophecies. There are so many subtleties involved. I shall try, therefore, to give the bare facts and results, with little comment on my part; let the reader or scientist explain if he can. The facts in my records are authentic. The interpretation of opinion of another is entitled to consideration as well as my own.

One thing, however, I do insist: to explain or account for a thing is of little value, not even legitimate, if the attempt to do so is at the expense of Utility. Things were made to be used, or put to use. We should still be reading by candles if we had waited to fully explain or account for electricity before putting it to use in the course of our evolution and progress. Similarly, we shall all die without reaping the fruits of our own God-given susceptibilities, if we await satisfactory scientific explanation, accounting or acceptance of the power involved. Call it what we may, its existence cannot be denied, for it may be demonstrated every day. The simple language of such words as "God," "Holy Spirit," "Prayer," are as good as any many-syllabled, inter-language technical compound to hide under the skirts of scientific ignorance the evidence of Divinity that has ever been in our midst, though often latent, in the mind of every man.

One thing is certain. There is a manner of simple, moderate living without which the faculty of Intuition fails to reach its maturity; and unless the faculty of Intuition is allowed to mature, "Prevenience" is an impossibility, and we shall stumble blindly on, consuming our energies curing instead of preventing, ever reaping tomorrow the harvest that makes us slaves instead of masters of our own destiny, by prevenient cooperation with the force or power involved. The opinion of men, the names given it, the poor attempts of

dead twigs to describe or explain either the roots from which they have been cut off, or the future blossoms and fruit which they as individuals shall never bear because they have closed the veins of their brains to the living power which they there-

fore fail to experience, hence deny,—alter not in the least the facts of the case.

It is not correct to infer that Prevenience, Hunches, Intuition, Prophecy, are always conscious. One may have a Hunch to do a certain thing without in the least comprehending why. A truly intuitive or "prevenient" person will avoid danger without being in the least conscious that danger is there to be avoided. And as Gaussen observed in a study of the prophets of old: "A

Anticipation is a microscope to your future.

## "Cast Your Burden Upon Me"

(An extract from "God First")

By William Alvis Guthrie, M.D.



God will not send you into a forest to fell an oak with a pocket-knife. When He calls you to a work that you never did, He will give you strength that you never had. It is the Lord, Himself, that says, "Cast your burden upon me."

Mark Pearse says, "I was driving along when I overtook a woman who carried a heavy basket. She gladly accepted my offer of a ride, but sat with the heavy basket on her arm.

"'My good woman,' I said, 'your basket will ride just as well in the bottom of the carriage, and you would be much more comfortable.'

"'So it would, sir, I thank you, sir, I never thought of that,' she replied."

That is what we do very often. The Lord has taken us up in His chariot. We rejoice to ride in it. But very often we carry a burden of care on our backs, that would ride just as well if we put it down. If the Lord is willing to carry us, He is willing also to carry our cares.

Leading into an Austrian city, there is a bridge in the foundation of which there are twelve statues of Christ. One represents Him as a sower, another as a shepherd, another as a carpenter, another as a physician. Others represent Him as Pilot, Prophet, Priest and King. Still others represent Him in yet other characters.

The country people coming into the city in the early morning with their produce for the market, pause to pray before Christ the sower. A little later, the artisan on his way to the workshop, worships Christ the Carpenter. Later still, when the sun has scattered the mists of the morning and has flooded the earth with his supernal splendors, the invalid, creeping from the city to breathe the fresh air, presents his morning prayers to Christ the physician.

There may be some superstition in this worship, but there is in it also a great truth.

man prophesied sometimes without foreseeing it; sometimes too without knowing it, and sometimes even without desiring it."

My own "Hunches" are perhaps more clearly formed than those of others, because I have spent a lifetime subjecting my Imagination to the rigorous laws of Logic and Science, as well as the sensitivity of Intuition. I have allowed my imagination to clothe my "hunches" in visualized pictures, imagined scraps of conversation from which I must draw conclusions which I then subject to the acid test of facts. Sometimes a "feeling" entirely foreign to my pres-

ent condition will associate itself with a sudden thought of some definite person. All of which, within certain limits, science may find explainable under one of the telepathic or "human radio" theories of the receptivity of man's mind to external trends of thought, or environments of other minds; but there are some results of definite experiments which will considerably stretch the present scientific limits to include them under its wing which has not yet evolved to the extent of permitting it to conquer the Unseen by flight, as it has the air.

(To be continued)

—Give It A Thought—

HE IS more successful who will do things with what he has,  
Than he who borrows, begs or buys those things  
To acquire what he wants.

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MAKE the little birds your alarm clock of the season,  
So that when they are here you may be wide enough awake  
To absorb sunshine and song to last you  
Through the Winter.....

## In Case You Seek:



A majority of the people drive their well-point to bedrock in the seeking of knowledge. But a true Philosopher will, in his own way, drill through that rock, in the belief that it might be but a thin sheet of shale.

When he does penetrate it, he finds the water more cool and more pure than the seepage of the surface water, with its infection. Then, after testing of this water at this depth, can you blame him for refusing to be specific in his opinion, as to the masses who dip only to waste?

He would rather leave this water at its own depth, untainted, than to mix it with the common seepage of those who are not thirsty. For how can one value an incomprehensible purity when he does not examine the impure water he drinks

daily, and blindly, with his eyes open?

The world does not want perpetual motion of facts. Too many would go out of a pleasant business. So even though we be aware of their "sins", we dare not deprive them. They can only be happy until unhappy—then their wants, for being denied, will struggle again for what they have lost: and in the struggle for something lies contentment. But not happiness. For the moment we stop desiring, we stop living. The moment our want stops, we may find the contentment that is the gravedigger of our own grave. For the man who dares to want eternally, never knows death. The grave, for him, is but a door, a short-cut to a new Ideal. Find me the individual grape picked out after the wagon-load has been made into

wine. Still, can you deny that it is there?

Within these principles lies the Philosopher's interest, his home life and happiness; the simplicity of all things, which is the cheapest, the easiest, the longest lasting and the sweetest of all things. It needs no explanation, no latin name, no preservation. It does not rot, nor die: It is as the wooden pegs driven in the logs of one's cabin, for friends, with names carved above them, for the owners to hang their clothes and hat, a sign that they are welcome, regardless of virtues or vices.

A Philosopher will try in his own quiet way to teach others what their good qualities are, and what they can do—rather than to tell them the curse and punishment their evil will bring them. For he knows that there is not a man or woman on earth who has not, and does not "sin". Just produce one, and he will give you a surprise. He will ask but three questions, and I dare say there will be no answer. And if so, then the answerer will lie. And if he is silent, he will also lie. So there you have the "sin" already.

Show me a man without sin, and I will show him to you on a cross. If you gaze through a telescope at a distant city that you cannot enter, and you behold its splendor and beauty, would you be so ungrateful as to blame one of the lenses for having a fracture in it? Likewise it is with those whom we so readily condemn without a hearing.

The son of Joseph, the Carpenter, was accused, condemned and crucified as a lesson to beware of circumstantial evidence with such unreliable minds, who are unable to judge even their own misdeeds. Good can come from evil only if evil first ferments, and Truth separates the spirit from the dregs.

The father killed the fatted calf for the Prodigal Son, because the son was brave enough to face the world, and come back: and the father knew his own sins well enough not to deprive his son of his just rights. But the "Public" is not so fair as that father.

If we are discouraged, let us do the best we can, so that the entire night will have been fulfilled, as an experience into which we will never again wander.

## "Lest We Forget"



Though old the thought and oft expressed  
'Tis his at least who says it best. --Lowell.

Nature trips us up when we strut. --Emerson.

The only cure for grief is action. --George Lewes.

If you will not hear reason she will surely rap your knuckles. --  
Benjamin Franklin.

He who covets what belongs to another deservedly loses his own. --Phaedrus.

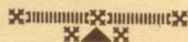
Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise. --Pope.

Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried. --Shakespeare

God is not a symbol of goodness. Goodness is a symbol of God. --William Blake.

If you want things done, call on a busy man ---  
The man of leisure has no time. --Anon.

## I Have Been Asked:



I have been asked: "Why is it so difficult for two or more human beings to work together harmoniously, under a constructive plan for the General Good, granting that each are honest and intelligent?"

It is not difficult for two or more human beings to work together harmoniously, under a constructive plan for the general good, if both honestly, conscientiously and unselfishly see the same God. If there is discord, then there can only be two different Gods, if intelligence is the foundation of endeavors.

Therein lies the secret of truth. If it is difficult for two men to work together harmoniously, then their opinions are different. One may be earthly and one spiritual; a bottle of

water, and a bottle of oil. If poured together and shaken, they will form an emulsion for a little while; but the opinion of each has not changed, for tomorrow the oil shall again be on top and the water beneath. But if both the opinions were oil, or both water, they would mix. They would agree and become one.

The fact that there is not that harmony proves one of the men to be selfish and the other unselfish; which can never mix. The pure running brook, which symbolizes wisdom, passes through Ohio, over red clay. It becomes colored, (which is knowledge it has acquired and over which it has drifted). It empties into the great ocean where the "knowledge" sinks to the bottom, becoming

rock and history; but it is wisdom that was its soul. And this is the difference between the wise man and the "educated" man.

The wise man is the true light that reflects. The educated man is he through whom wisdom reflects. If he be a diamond, he reflects wisdom as it is; but if he be only clay, he reflects "mud," as he is. And so it is with two men who receive the same sunlight, but express it according to their motives: hence the discord.

It is not alone that we have absolute faith; but we must believe that faith, with reason and logic, a material education, a shadow of the inspiration. The sun represents God, who shines upon the body of man, which represents Christ, the man casts a shadow which represents mortality; that mortality which can only be the companion of man as long as the sun creates that shadow by the substance of man. But when the sun disappears, there remains but the abstract belief of pure faith, with the foundation of what the memory retains through reason of that which once was understandable while the sun shown. It shines all day, that we may gather visions through the mortal, so that we may understand through the night of interpretation, uninfluenced by any mortal vision, but faith and inspiration.

Any man as a shepherd should surely know all things pertaining to sheep, and that shepherd who is better versed must divulge secrets to the lesser shepherds, even as prophets are subject unto prophets. There is so much power that can be used to further the progress of the United States, that I cannot see why leaders do not speak with simplicity of the wonderful things preached by every living thing on earth.

In reference to "systems of education," did Christ have a system of education, by trying to force it? Or did He preach to the multitude so that those who were hungry willing subjects followed Him away from the masses. I have never yet seen a "system" of forced education succeed. I have never yet seen a man appreciate his meal who was forced into a home without knowledge, for he expects either to pay for it, or he

poisoned.

Which community is the most ideal: the city of universities, technique, and the highest education? Or a happy little village, with but a country school. Has the educational brain-cramming of our universities really made better men and women? Take into consideration the fact that our greatest leaders came from the "poor," from the "uneducated." And why are not the greatest inventions born in the university where all knowledge is supposed to be known? If you will examine the thousands of patents in Washington that have given comfort, industry and economics to the world, you will see their origin. There is a lot of difference between education and wisdom, be-

tween charity and alms, between an opinion and judgment.

This viewpoint may seem "old-fashioned", but tomorrow the old-fashioned will again be new. Everything that exists journeys in cycles, with a point in the center as an objective point of gravitation, as the sun in the center of the solar system where stars and planets revolve within cycles, but held there by that eye of God: LIGHT.

With the same God, the same center of purpose and inspiration between men, there can be no discord. Harmony is destroyed only when one drifts into gravitational forces pulling in different directions, and obeying different laws.

we exhibit the characteristics of the animal we resemble.

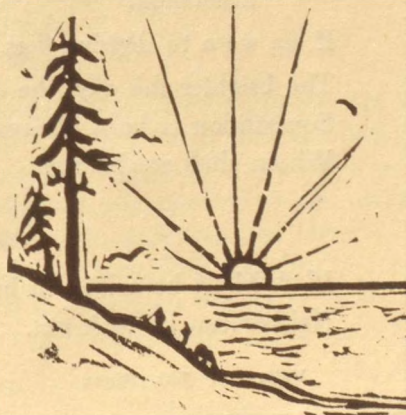
The more intelligent a man becomes, the more clearly he sees his own faults. The more transparent the body of the Soul, the more knowledge obtained by the objective mind, which is what you have experienced, what you have seen, what you know, what you have passed through since childhood.

The subconscious mind is that which sees far in advance, which sees all things as they are, not as they appear. But few men understand this "mind," for it is that which causes one to guess correctly, for it uses similar experiences as criteria, and no two experiences are alike. . .

But if man should encourage the subconscious mind, in an effort to use the thought, he would find it reliable, true: and it would be said that he had the power of "clairvoyance," "second sight," a "sixth sense." These thoughts come spontaneously, not as a result of comparison.

There are thousands of prophets in the world to day, but they do not know or understand themselves. Never study others. Begin with yourself. For to study one's self is to become a true man. And when you know yourself, you will not have to study others, for you will see them and know them at a glance.

Within mankind there is a power so great that it would be dangerous to know it until we are perfect in humility and self-control. Until then, it is hidden from us by our selfish animal nature which causes the mind to become cloudy and to be discontented.



—Give it a Thought—

OFTEN WE DENY our master because we fear our slave.

## Body, Spirit and Soul

The air is full of "Soul," to be absorbed by anything in flesh, and liberated in sacrifice, as the air is full of sunlight to be absorbed by plants and trees, to be liberated in the energy of nourishment, and the warmth of burning wood.

Our bodies are but the chemicals of mineral and vegetables, built by Nature to hold the soul, which is that spark of God, that law of Nature, just as the child, chalk in hand, writes its name on a blackboard. The chalk is nature and what it means is the child. Nature is the chalk, but God moves within: that is the name Nature has written in its mystery.

My understanding is that an animal has a body and a spirit which is the seat of bodily reflections, (or reflex actions,) which lives in the medulla oblongata: and it was ordered by the God of Nature to obey the law imposed. But man has a body; the spirit of instinct; and a soul, which is the spark of Intelligence. It possesses that inspiration and intuition as the animal possesses the

instinct. And when I speak of Soul, I mean the little globule of mercury that was divided from the "main Body"; and it is understood that when it comes in contact again with that Motherhood or Fatherhood, it becomes all One.

The shape when it was an "individual," the dust which it accumulated, which gave it its mortal individuality, was that animal spirit that held it in its shape, but which returns back to its own when the mercury amalgamates with all.

This subconscious mind, or Soul, is all-intelligent. It knows all, sees all at a glance. It understands all mysteries. It knows of its own creation. It is the opposite pole to the Spirit, and the objective mind. It is that which comes from above, or within—opposite to ignorance. Being good, it recognizes no evil. It will sympathize, but will not judge. And the Soul alone is that which judges. Whom the world calls a "sinner" is merely controlled by his animal self. For we are all animals. Being creatures of the earth,

# \*G\*I\*V\*E\* \*I\*T\* \*A\* \*T\*H\*O\*U\*G\*H\*T\*



HE IGNORANT MAN dreads the WHY of the Setting Sun of Life,  
While the wise man welcomes it with ecstasy.  
The ignorant run from it; the wise, toward it.....



GOD GAVE US our body, and the body of Nature. If we will look into these things we will find "The Missing Third". We will find the Why of religion -- the Why of everything.....



WOULD MAGGOTS be born, would they exist, were it not for putrefaction?  
Would there be criminals if they were not encouraged, fed, tempted by those who display wealth of ease to minds whose moral consciousness has not yet been awakened?

If we were to deprive flies of putrefaction, how would maggots exist?  
The brighter the day, the darker the night.  
Superstition is born of mystery, ignorance, fear and doubt,  
Whom shall we blame?



IF A MAN be selfish in building his house without windows so none may look in,  
Neither can he look out.

Valley of The Pines

By Joseph A. Sadony